# THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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### FOR THE UNFULFILLED.

For songs divine, half heard and half withholden.
That drop on silver pinions down the sky;
For visions fair, half hid and half beholden,
Compelling hopes that knew not how to die.

For all ungathered roses, red as fire,
That lit my way with lavish, fragrant flame;
For all the old sweet pain of great desire,
That led me hither captive as I came.

For all, on bended knees, I make thanksgiving;
The unachieved that spurred my steps along;
The unattained that made life worth the living;
The unfulfilled that kept my spirit strong.

—H. H. Bashford.

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W. W. FERRIER.....Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.


## A SUCCESSFUL PASTORATE OF FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION ENDED.

The Rev. Charles R. Brown takes departure from Oakland this week after extraordinary expressions of appreciation and esteem. At the close of the service in the church Sunday morning so many crowded up to the pulpit to bid him farewell that it was not possible for him to leave the church until half past two in the afternoon.

In the evening the touching, tender scenes of the morning were repeated by hundreds of other persons so that an hour and a half passed after the close of the service before he was free to leave the church.

Sunday afternoon Mr. Brown had a unique experience, which emphasized the regard in which he is held so widely. On invitation of the Rev. Alexander Allen, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, he was the guest of the church at a vesper service, and, with Mr. Brown sitting with the other clergy in the chancel, the rector in the presence of a large congregation spoke of his great service to Oakland and to the state in general, and voiced the esteem of himself and the cultured, influential people of his church in choicest manner.

Among the tributes to Mr. Brown in the last few days was one which he and all who love the Church of Christ and rejoice in its exaltation will always cherish. It was from the Board of Public Works, and was as follows:

"Whereas, A most distinguished citizen, Rev. Chas. R. Brown, is about to leave the city for another post of duty after fourteen years of most useful service to this community—a service marked by unselfish sacrifice and untiring effort to help and benefit our city and our people, and by an enlightened public spirit; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That this Board on behalf of the people of this city, hereby expresses its regret at his departure, and its sense of the great loss sustained therefrom by this community, and by this whole state, and it extends to Mr. Brown its sincere wishes for his future welfare in his new field, and its gratitude for his past great services, and assures him that he carries with him the good will, affection and confidence of our people."

Day after day resolutions and personal letters came piling in in great profusion. The Typographical Union, the Allied Printers' Trade, the Oakland Church Federation for the second time. Congregational churches and churches of other denominations were heard from in large numbers.

All these heartfelt expressions of esteem and sympathy and confidence must have been extremely grateful and strengthening to Mr. Brown after the trying experiences of the past week when he had been the well-nigh defenseless victim of gossip and newspaper officiousness. A purely personal affair which occurred more than a year ago, resulting in the discontinuance of a close friendship between Mr. Brown's family and a family connected with the congregation for a time had been bandied about by the tongue of rumor until it was seized upon by newspaper reporters and given wide-spread publicity. The universal indignation aroused in the entire community that one so trusted and honored should have even suspicion cast upon him made hardly necessary the thorough investigation which was made at Mr. Brown's request and which resulted in proving him entirely worthy of the high esteem in which he is held.

Tuesday afternoon of this week a council met to pass on the action of the church in the severance of the pastoral relations. Its finding was as follows:

"Resolved, That the council regretfully concurs in the action of the First Church in accepting the resignation of Dr. Brown. We do this with a deep sense of the loss that comes to us in his departure.

"We sympathize with the church in its great loss, yet we have no doubt as to its future, because Dr. Brown has laid such enduring foundations.

"His ministry has reached beyond his own church and all churches. He has been a force for righteousness in civic affairs. The student population of our universities has turned to him as a religious guide and the workingmen have made him a trusted counselor. He has increased respect for religion among men outside the churches. All have heard him gladly and found anew that the gospel is a message for today and for them.

"We sorrow to let him go from this large ministry, yet we cannot refuse, because the magnitude of his work and his devotion to it have overtaxed his strength.

"The insinuations unjustly made against his character on the eve of his departure from California and eagerly exploited by certain papers have but deepened the confidence and love in which the whole community hold him.

"We have rejoiced in his strength, been uplifted by his clear vision, taken courage from his moral earnestness and come to esteem him most of all as a Christian man and a friend.

"Mrs. Brown will be gratefully remembered for the place she has filled in the life of the church, in the woman's missionary work of the denomination and in the many homes where she is beloved. She has been a constant help and inspiration to her husband. For him and his we pray God's richest blessing for all time."

At the meeting of the council Mr. Brown spoke very feelingly of the helpful fellowship and friendship which had been his in his association with his ministerial brethren and what the close touch with the strong men of his congregation and of the community had been and had meant to him all these years. Beautiful tribute was paid also by him to Mrs. Brown as one who had aided him beyond estimate in the work which God had entrusted to him to do here on the Coast.

Elsewhere in The Pacific this week will be found a few words further concerning the council of Tuesday afternoon, merely a statement as to its constituents.

The Pacific takes pleasure in announcing that Mr.

Brown has consented to write for it a series of articles on Japan, after he has rested somewhat, and that other articles from him may be looked for in our columns from time to time.

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A large tract of land reclaimed in Montana under the Carey act is to be electrically farmed. Power is to be furnished so cheaply that it will be used on the farm for running machinery and for heating and cooking.

Forty-eight per cent of the 200 students enrolled in the University of Washington are church members. Seventeen different denominations are represented. There are several Christian Scientists, and twelve students with Greek, Orthodox, Jewish, Buddhistic and Vedic faiths. There is one agnostic.

Despite the new tenement law, there are yet 100,000 tenement house rooms in New York City without windows, even into an adjoining room or into an air-shaft. It is said that ninety-five per cent of the immigrant families live three in a room and that it is not uncommon to find six persons in one rooms.

A teacher in a Roman Catholic parochial school in New York has been telling the pupils that George Washington was a Roman Catholic. Evidently that teacher thinks a great deal of George Washington, but not enough to imitate him, who as a boy couln't tell a lie. Or should we say, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise?"

One of the most helpless and hopeless cases that ever came to the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago is now an evangelist in Japan, engaged in Bible and tract distribution. He was a down-and-out in every sense of the term, testing to the limit the patience and forbearance of the mission authorities. Converted there, and self-dedicated to God, he is happy, contented, self-controlled in the work in Japan—a modern miracle.

An Italian discovered America and a Jew furnished the money for the expedition. Whose country, then, is this? It belongs to all who will come and use it in accordance with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. In a recent sermon a Brooklyn, New York, pastor stated that in one district in that city 64,100 of the 65,000 pupils are Jews, and that in that city there are many schools containing none but Italians.

On a steamer crossing the Atlantic recently a unique non-sectarian religious service was held. A Protestant minister led the service and invited a Roman Catholic priest to read the benedicite and to lead the congregation in the "pater noster." Then followed five brief addresses—one by the Protestant minister, one by a priest of the Church of Poland, one by a priest of the Church of Bohemia, one by a Brahman from India and one by a minister of the Evangelical Church of Germany. Nothing sectarian was uttered, and the season of worship was uplifting to all who participated either as listeners or as speaker.

A young man who had committed a crime for the rst time was spoken to as follows by a police judge in Indianapolis: "I have a choice for you. You have every chance in life. You have wasted your chance while dozens of young fellows would give their eyes for half what you've squandered. You have started to be a thief. Now, I want you to appear in this court next Saturday morning with a Young Men's Christian Association membership card, and I want to see you on the floor of the gymnasium. You can either do that and walk a chalk line for the next six months, or see the interior of the workhouse." The young man promptly chose the Y. M. C. A. We like that better than the course of the judge who sentenced two young men to church attendance for six months. Enforced church attendance is not likely to result in much good, if any; but the physical, mental and moral training which that young man will get in the Y. M. C. A. is pretty apt to do lasting good. The Indianapolis judge, who sought to punish two fractious saloon-keepers by ordering them to return to him from time to time with a certificate from some pastor that they had been in attendance at church, concluded soon to drop that rather farcical attempt at reformation.

## THE ASSASSINATION OF CHARACTER BY THE SECULAR PRESS.

**By Freeman D. Bovard, D.D.,**
**Editor California Christian Advocate.**

"No man can remain long in the employment of the secular press in the capacity of a reporter and retain his self-respect," was the language spoken to us by a Christian minister whose brother had been a reporter on one of the San Francisco dailies. If not, why not? The reporter is not allowed to keep within the limits of truth and modera tion. He is to find or conjure up what will sell the paper. He is directed to lie, slander, assassinate character, break up families, terrorize the community, persecute every honest official who refuses to obey the suggestions which emanate from the office of the said newspaper and above all things to find gossip, specially about churches, ministers and those who are trying to alvance the cause of decency in the community. Get the pigeon holes full of libelous, defamatory matter specially against the best citizens of the community if possible. The newspapers have no more right to corrupt the morals of the men and women who are on their staffs than the manufacturer has to corrupt and exploit for gain the morals of his employees. The Century Magazine recently stated in an editorial on yellow journalism: "They demoralize the men and women of their staffs by imposing these policies upon their self-respect and prating about liberty and honesty, poisoning the men tal food that bears their hideous label." How can a reporter retain his self-respect whose duty it is to "spy at key holes" to invent lies and distort the truth?

There is another thing these wicked journals do indirectly and yet surely. They excite the weak-minded Giteaus, the Golzozzs to murder. The unscrupulous journalism of today has created the conditions, sown the seed of social, political corruption which make for the demoralization of society. The secular press to an amazing degree is responsbile for the prevalence of crime. The time was when the Police Gazette had a monopoly of exploiting crime, but no one can now tell where the daily press leaves off and where the Police Gazette begins. They are morally homogeneous. The "yellow-backed," "blood and thunder" novels of a few years ago have been outdone and discounted by the daily press. There must sooner or later be organized public sentiment in some form which will be nation wide but locally effective to protect society from the corrupting influences of the daily press.

The average daily does not ask whether the story, the dirty gossip, is true or not, but whether it will be read. Under present conditions they do not have to ask whether the story is libelous or not. They hide behind the much

abused excuse of "liberty of the press," and should a suit be brought they would publish the libelous matter ten times over and add as many lies as could be conjured up. Besides they have attorneys employed by the year and, being well financed, an average citizen has no chance to secure redress or to protect his personal rights in the courts. There is, however, one organization in this country which is able to protect itself against murderous and vicious assaults of the daily press. The pity and the pathos of it all is that those who stand for the freedom of the press are made the victims of the freedom guaranteed to these jackals. Those who would crush the freedom of the press are immune from the vicious attacks of the press because they stand together and act together and in a very remarkable degree control the output of the daily press. Nothing true or false detrimental to that organization has been published in any daily in San Francisco in twelve months. Society would like to protect the freedom of the press, but the abuses of that high privilege have become so great, so unbearable, so wicked and cruel that it begins to look like society would have to find some way to protect itself. San Francisco has suffered as much from a wicked and unscrupulous press as any city in the Union.

## THE SILENT WARRIORS.

**W. N. Burr.**

The favorite illustration of the Apostle Paul centered on the soldier and all that the soldier implies. It was to the little group of Christians in the great wicked city of Ephesus that he wrote: "Put on the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." In his two letters to Timothy, he frequently pictures the soldier-Christian: "Fight the good fight of faith;" "Those, therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" "I have fought a good fight," "This charge I commit unto thee, son Timothy, * * that thou mightest war a good warfare." The Christian soldier, fighting his way, appears often in the Scriptures.

Fighting what? Not men, not even fighting sinners, but fighting sin—sin in one's own life, and evil as it shows itself in human society, "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against spiritual wickedness in high places,"—wicked spirits in heavenly places. Our hearts and lives—are they not "high places," "heavenly places," from which evil spirits should be excluded? But they creep in and we've got to fight them.

So the Christian is a soldier, the Christian life is a fight, a warfare. And there are evil spirits in high public places that challenge the Christian to stern combat.

But just now my mind runs to "the still fight," the quiet, unseen, but constant fight that must go on in any Christian life to keep down the spirits of evil. O, you Christian soldiers! fighting your own battles every day, and winning victories that nobody knows anything about! Your neighbors may know something of your enemy—they may witness your impatience,, your hasty speech, your apparent thoughtlessness; but none of them can know all about the still fight that you are keeping up all the time to lay aside the sin that doth so easily beset you.

Some one with a ready pen pictured the host of still fighters after this manner:

"On royal roads, on narrow lanes and mean,
We see them passing, and we heed them not.
They wear no bitter frown, no air distraught;
Good cheer, a smiling lip, and brow serene
Their only panoply; no dagger keen
Notched in the hilt betokens battles fought;
Around their lives no victory has wrought
The glamour of a hero's honored mein.
Yet faring bravely on the beaten way,
With none to sound their depths of pain or loss
And offer them the balm of sympathy,
Still pass the silent warriors, day by day;
And each one carries in his heart a cross,
And fights unarmed to guard its secrecy."

These "silent warriors"—who are they? The man with a quick temper who knows his enemy, and is fighting him every day, praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching—that man is one of these "silent warriors." The woman who is fretful, burdened, cumbered with much serving, like Martha, and who knows that it is hindering her own Christian development and not in the least recommending to others the Christian life, and who takes up arms against her enemy, and all silently engages an every-day fight against fretfulness—that woman is one of the "silent warriors." O, there is a deal of fighting going on every day in the inner life of men and women that we who see only the outside life know nothing about, until some day, perhaps, we begin to realize that the man with the temper seems to have it under better control than he once had, and we wonder how that happens! It didn't happen—it is the result of the man's still fight, aided by the Divine Helper. None of these overcomers, these brave conquerers, have had something "happen" to them: they have been out on a strong, steady fight, and have been winning victories. The Christian life, is a growing, developing, overcoming life, a life of victory through faith.

Somewhere I have read a story of a small boy who was having the usual hard time to learn to skate. A compassionate lady said to him: "See here, little man, you're getting all bumped up. I'd come off the ice if I were you and watch the others." But the plucky youngster replied: "I didn't get some new skates to give up with, I got 'em to learn how with!"

And that is one thing we get the Christian life for, not to give up with but to learn how with! We have a good many falls, we are conscious of our own weakness every day; but as these years pass should we not find that we are "learning how,' that we do not fall just as we once did, that we have overcome some of our weakness "through Him that strengthens us?" We do not become proficient all at once; we fall and get up and try again, bue the effort strengthens us. We have to keep up the fight—"fight the good fight of faith" wrote the apostle; and he would not have been telling Timothy to fight, resist, overcome, if he had not believed that Timothy would have to fight.

But neither the silent warrior nor the fighter for Christian truth and character out in the open, will ever win their victories without keeping a good, strong hold on God. One will fly to pieces in an unguarded moment unless he keeps up close dealings with his Divine Helper. General Gordon, in writing home of some exasperating people who had been talking against him and interfering with his work, said: "The only remedy with me is to pray for every one who ever worries me." General Gordon was one

of the strongest, noblest of all the conspicuous Christian soldiers of these latter days; and he won his victories over himself, or over his weaknesses and temptations, by co-operating with God for the defeat of his enemies, the conquering of his besetting weaknesses and sins.

So the silent warrior must have silent seasons of communion with his God. Have you ever gone into a telephone booth and tried to talk with a friend with the booth door open? It is hard to catch the message from the other end if your friend's voice must reach you through a confusion of street noises. So the world-voices and the Divine Voice sometimes get strangely mixed in our ears. It is hard for us to distinguish between them. "Fight the good fight of faith," but gather wisdom and strength for it in the secret place, alone with God, the door being closed.

La Canada, California.

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## SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

**Madison C. Peters, D.D.**

You naturally want me to answer, "Yes," and your heart's cry for that answer is a strong presumption in its favor. Immortality, as believed by Christians, demands heavenly recognition to make it of any real comfort.

Now what are the arguments in its favor?

It is a doctrine which has been the object of almost universal faith. Cicero long since said: "In everything the consent of all nations is to be accounted the law of nature, and to resist it is to resist the voice of God." An error never perpetuates itself. Falsehood has no inherent recuperative energy. Error alone is sectional. Bryant says: "Error, wounded, writhes in pain and dies amidst its worshippers." To suppose that universal intelligence can always be hoodwinked by any cunningly devised fable, is to destroy the value of intelligence itself.

Homer, the first and greatest of the poets, 850 B. C., represents Ulysses as visiting the shades of death and sees his mother and hastens to embrace her, but she vanishes as a dream before him—he being still in the flesh.

Socrates, educator of Greece, in its palmiest days, 450 B. C., bears testimony to the doctrine of mutual recognition and companionship in the life to come, and declares that to purchase a meeting yonder with the friends of earth is a joy for which one would be glad to die often.

Cicero, Rome's foremost orator, born 106 B. C., has left us his hopes that in the glorious assembly he would join the society of the friends he so sincerely loved.

Virgil, the plaintive bard of Mantua, the completest representative of the deepest sentiment of his countrymen, born 70 B.C., described Aeneas as visiting the realms of the departed and there recognizing and being recognized on meeting.

But the belief in future recognition has not been confined to the ancient philosophers, poets and orators of Greece and Rome. The burning of Hindoo widows was founded on a similar belief. We find that the natives of Dahomey were wont to send messages to their departed friends with those who were about to commit suicide. Pope, speaking of the American Indian's hope, tells us that he "thinks, admitted to that equal sky, his faithful dog shall keep him company."

However much Christians may differ upon other doctrines, they agree on this.

Cardinal Newman, the Roman Catholic, in "Lead, Kindly Light," talks about the time when—

"The night is gone,
And in the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since,
And lost awhile."

John Fawcett, the Baptist, forgetting his close communion, in his "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," sings:

"When we asunder apart it gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again."

Bonar, the Presbyterian, sings of the time when—

"Hand in hand firm linked at last
And heart enfolded all,
We'll smile upon the troubled past
And wonder why we wept at all.

Muhlenberg, the Episcopalian, forgetting his apostolic succession, lifted his gaze to heaven and sang:

"There the saints of all ages in harmony meet,"

while Charles Wesley, the Methodist, swings his baton and sings:

"Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize."

The early Christians had a holy horror of the practice of burning the bodies of the dead, which was the custom prevailing at the time in the Roman Empire. It was their belief in the perpetuation of the body in another life, where it might again be recognized and known, which inspired them with disgust for a practise which seemed to indicate the belief that hope ought in no way to claim those lifeless remains.

Even at night the early Christians sought the places where the bodies of their departed were buried. They thus tried to realize a secret and invisible communion with the beloved dead. The early Christians loved to have their burying places around their churches, so that it might be seen that the congregation of the dead was still united to the congregation of the living.

The strong desire which reigned in the hearts of the Old Testament saints, to be buried together with their kindred in the same place, is proof that they believed in a perpetual union with their friends through death in a future life. They had lived together in life, they wished to lie together in death, to rise together in resurrection and to dwell together in everlasting habitations.

The familiar phrase, "gathered to his people," or "gathered to his family," did not mean among the old Hebrews simply to die or to be buried in the family tomb, but it meant joining them in the other world.

The Hebrew regarded life as a pilgrimage on the face of the earth. The traveler, as thye supposed, when he arrived at the end of his journey, which happened when he died, was received into the company of his ancestors, who had gone before him.

The body of Moses slept in the valley of Moab, but his spirit, not sleeping or unconsciously waiting in the grave for the sound of the last trumpet, had been 1400 years in heaven and in recognizable form talked with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration.

David, with no uncertain voice, expresses his belief that he would one day be reunited with his beloved child: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

In the New Testament, the heavenly recognition is everywhere taught by implication.

Suppose you were invited to a dinner. Do you not suppose the dinner would be a failure if you did not learn to know those who are seated with you at the table? Christ promises that we shall sit down with Abraham,

Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of God, and if we shall know Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, why not our loved ones that have gone long since?

Heaven is the Father's house, 'A family in heaven." It would be a strange family in which the members did not know each other. Our Lord assumes that Dives and Lazarus knew each other.

Paul in all his epistles speaks of the souls of the departed as forming a society above. He speaks of the congregated body of saints in heaven, as "the family of God," as "the household of God," and repeatedly refers to the fact that it was the purpose of Christ to bring together in one place, all his believing people, where they would constitute one glorified society. Scattered families shall be reunited, suspended friendships shall be re-established. "We shall know even as also we are known." Glorious family reunion! Those who have preceded us to glory are still ours to be restored to us in fairer bloom when we have crossed the Bar.

Memory will continue to be exercised after death and throughout eternity. If this were not so, we could not fully know either what we once were or what through grace we had become. Its exercise throughout eternity will promote our gratitude and joy, and its continuance will be necessary that we may fully feel our obligations to the Saviour and adequately praise Him. How can we sing the new song of the redeemed unless we remember what great things have been done for us?

The perpetuation of memory is necessary for the preservation of our very identity. Memory is an essential constituent of our mental nature, and deprived of it, we should not be essentially ourselves, but a new order of creatures.

Christ came not to destroy humanity, but to redeem and purify it. There will be no essential change in either our mental or moral condition, and the faculties and feelings of our mortal state will be more fully developed in eternity than they were in time.

Frequently, in the Scriptures, we find memory throughout eternity is assumed. Thus the father of the faithful in reasoning with Dives says, "Son, remember." Dives is reminded of his former life and its good things, and Lazarus of his former state and its evil things, and from his request of Abraham, it is evident that Dives remembered his "five brethren" and "his father's house." If memory will be retained by the lost, why not more so by the glorified believer?

The continued exercise of memory is implied in all the descriptions of the judgment, in all those passages which teach our future accountability to God. Thus Paul says: "So then, every one of us shall give account of himself to God." If memory be destroyed by death, we should, when called before the great white throne, have forgotten all, and could not, therefore, give account. And so, also, that each one may be convinced of the righteousness of the award made for the things done in this body, he must remember the things done by him, when in this body—whether they had been good or bad.

It has been supposed that particular friendships will, in heaven, be swallowed up in universal charity, but we do not find on earth that Christians, in proportion as they improve in charity toward all mankind become less capable of personal friendship—less affectionate to their relatives and connections, but on the contrary, those who are fullest of brotherly love toward all their fellow-creatures are also the warmest and steadiest in their nearer friendships. Why should it be otherwise in heaven?

Can we suppose that a Christian in his glorified state will be more exalted than his great Master here on earth? He certainly was not incapable of friendship. Jesus Christ loved all mankind; he loved especially the disciples who constantly followed him, but even among them he distinguished one as more peculiarly and privately his friend. John was "the disciple whom Jesus loved." Can we then be ever too highly exalted to be incapable of friendship?

The extension and perfection of friendship will constistitute a great part of the future happiness of the blest. I can see no reason why those who have been dearest friends on earth could not, when admitted to that happy state, continue to be so, with full knoweldge and recollection of their former friendship.

The mere fact of recognition we may practically assume. "How" we must leave with God. When a mother asks how should she know her child who died twenty-vve years ago, one feels that recognition must be something spiritual, and not depending upon visible shape. Even here on earth much of our recognition is spiritual. A boy leaves his New England home and goes away to California, and in twenty-five years a big, bearded, broad-shouldered man, with practically no outward resemblance to the boy that went away, yet try as he may he cannot conceal his identity from his mother. She looks into his eyes and her soul leaps out to him. Call it instinct, intuition, or what you please, it is a spiritual vision, soul recognizing soul. If that spiritual vision, apart from bodily shape, plays so great a part in recognition here, may it not be all sufficient there? "Now," says St. Paul, "we see in a mirror darkly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, then shall I know even as also I have been known." St. Paul's thought is of our fuller knowledge of things hereafter. Does it not include also our fuller knowedge of one another?

The love that lightens life acts instinctively on the hypothesis of eternity. In the beautiful dream of Ion the instinct of heavenly recognition, so eloquently uttered by the death of the devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every soul. When about to yield his young existence, a sacrifie to his fate, his beloved Clementha asks if they shall meet again, to which he replies: "I asked that dreadful question of the hills that seemed eternal, of the clear streams that flow forever, of the stars among whose fields of azure, my spirit has walked. As I look upon thy loving face I feel that there is something in thy love that cannot wholly perish. **We shall meet again, Clementha!"**

Love is forever. The marriage contract, "Till death do us part" really does not mean a contract for this life only. Love's language is forever, and she speaks no other tongue.

Paul says, "Love never faileth." It will continue in the future life. We love the departed and they still love us. Though we may not converse with them or enter into actual physical communication with them, there is a mystical communion of saints in which souls above and souls below enter into fellowship with each other. The little waif in Lady Somerset's orphanage understood this when upon finishing his usual prayer, he added: "And God would you mind giving my mother a kiss for me?"

Tennyson, pouring out his heart full of immortal love for his dead friend Arthur Hallam, cries:

* * * * * *

"* * Dear heavenly friend, that canst not die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine;

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die."

Browning, anticipating his last hour and his reunion with the sweet spirit who had been his wife for many years, exclaims:

"O, thou soul of my soul, I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest."

If the power to maintain our loved ones beyond the grave were ours, we should assuredly exercise it. Our great yearning for the eternal life of those we love involves the certainty that the great heart of God will outsoar, in the eternal order which he has established, our highest desires.

When our friends have crossed the river, we are somehow still bound to them by the cords of a deathless love. We can somehow never realize that they are gone. In every tear we shed and sigh that we heave we have so many proofs, in the soul itself, that the dead, whose memory we so fondly cherish, sitll live immortal beyond the grave.

We are richer for having loved, although we have lost. To quote Tennyson again:

"This truth came borne with bier and pall—
I felt it when I sorrowed most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

We are richer because our dead are not lost to us. They have only passed into a higher, fuller, safer life, where they are secure from every danger and trial, and secure also for us. Whittier writes:

"And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality.
What hange can reach the wealth I hold?
What change can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love has left in trust for me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon,
Shall darkness and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see the waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?"

Holy affections as well as glorious bodies shall come forth from the tomb. Suspended ties of love, which like plants, whose life retired during winter into the bosom of the earth, will revive in vernal loveliness and blossom in an eternal spring. This is the immortality which Christ brought to light through the Gospel, this agreeable hope that we shall surely rise again in a new beauty when the eternal morning shall dawn upon the grave, this pleasurable anitcipation which rises like a May sun over the world of social life, cheering, warming and making it beautiful, subdues the keenness of grief and brightens up the short interval of sorrow between the death of our loved ones and our own, and sends back the light of comfort from the distant heavens upon the bleak shores of this mortal life.

A man returning from a whaling voyage entered port at at New Bedford. He had been three years on the cruise and had left his wife and little boy behind. The whaler had been reported as nearing land and the wife and litle boy had gone down on the point that juts out a mile or more into the bay to keep a watch for the loved one. They had brought with them a sea-glass so that they might catch a glimpse of the familiar form at the earliest moment possible. Yonder, just off Chuttyhunk, the boat comes into sight with all her canvas spread spanking along beneath a stiff breeze. See the woman now as she levels her glass—the throbbing breast, the flashing eye, the intense eagerness in every attitude and gesture, the flush of face, the cry of laughter, the tears of joy. She waves her handkerchief as a welcome on the breeze, while the boy dances for gladness, waving his hat and shouting over the water; they see the husband and father, and he sees them and waves his tarpaulin as a sign of recognition. Ah, who can tell the joy of these loving hearts when husband clasps wife in his strong arms and the boy weeps for gladness on his neck?

When we reach the land unswept by storm; when we enter the city and temple of our God, fresh from the clasp of death and our victory over it, we shall not feel alone in that multitude. The loved of long ago will gather about us and give us welcome. We shall be met at the landing. Those who loved us will greet us, speak our names and embrace us and Jesus will confess us before the angels. Those we have loved, and who have gone before, we shall find waiting for us at the portals and a band of beautiful immortals will surround us on that radiant shore, and with holy rapture to which only the redeemed can give utterance, lead us to the exalted Saviour, and with us bow as His feet and from Him receive the conquerer's crown.

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## A LOOK INTO SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS.

### What They Are and a Few Thoughts from Some of Them.

**"Wullie McWattie's Master." By J. J. Bell.** A mirth-provoking little volume of 166 pages. The principal character is a diamond in the rough. It is full of human nature as it is in Scotland. If you have lost the way to Laughtertown this book will help you to regain it. (F. H. Revell Co., New York, 60 cents net.)

**"The Handicap." By Robert E. Knowles.** A story of pioneer days in Canada. Quaint Irish and Scotch characters. An interesting romance threads the pages. Very touching in their tenderness and pathos are the lives of the Irish father and daughter; and the Scotch character is pictured in life-like ways. A wholesome story throughout, and one that will strengthen inclinations and impulses toward good. (F. H. Revell Co., New York, $1.20 net.)

**"An Original Year." By Charles E. Jefferson.** On the thirty pages of this little book the Rev. Dr. Jefferson sets forth many helpful thoughts—seeking to lead the reader to the singing in his life music of new and better songs. He says among other things: "Jesus made all things new by shifting the emphasis. This is a thing which all of us can do." In that connection he says: "How easy it is to put emphasis on externalities! No where is it so easy to do this as in large cities. The constant tendency is to pay attention to the surface, to glorify the exterior. We are tempted to concentrate attention upon dress and house, upon knives and forks, and spoons and napkins. Many of us could change the whole tenor of our lives by simply carrying the emphasis to the interior, laying it upon it disposition and attitude, upon feeling and thought.' Again: "Character is determined not by the number of things we seek, but by the things we seek first." Yet again: "You can make the year original by adding something. It is not necessary to add much. 'O, the little more, and how much

it is,' says Browning." (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 50 cents net.)

**"No Room in the Inn." By William Allen Knight.** A charming little story of life in Palestine. One who journeyed along the roadways traveled by Joseph and Mary long ago tells in beautiful word pictures of experiences and scenes which cause the incident of "no room in the inn" to stand out in its touching tender actuality. We quote words falling from the lips of a peasant: "You stumble—pardon, sir!—You misunderstand, I mean to say, the words which carry the sweetest message about Bethlehem's kindness. Laid Him in a manger?' True, true! But how beautiful that becomes when understood aright. You think, with your ways, of a place for cattle only. But have you not seen the common people and their animals live together in this land? You will find it so in Bethlehem, everywhere, even now; you read of the same in the Bible itself, which is so true to life here, all sorts of domestic animals with their feeding places in the dwellings of the lowly. Ah, I like to think how when the little town was crowded by reason of an enrollment, and there was no room in the inn some kind villager said, 'Come to my house,' and so a place was made for Mary's Babe in a household manger! There is an unknown saint for you, sir, the woman of Bethlehem who made a place in her poor house for our Saviour! Do not forget that when you write your story, "No room in the inn!" Yes, as often now, no room in public places, no room where the crowd is, but room in some lowly house, room in some heart that does its best to receive Him kindly; this is the way of His coming into our world from the first Christmas morning until now. This is the meaning of the manger-cradle!" (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 50 cents net.)

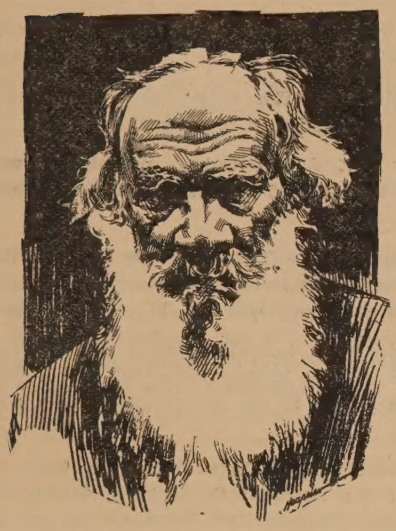
**"A Modern Revolt From Rome." By John Berkeley.** This name is a nom de plume, the author of the book being a gentleman well-known in religious and literary circles in California. For a while, however, he prefers to be known in connection with his book simply as "John Berkeley." Doubtless not a few readers of The Pacific will, after reading the book, be able to fix with considerable definiteness on the author. We commend the book as one well worth reading. It is fiction based on much of fact. Along with a highly interesting romance one gets in its pages a graphic picture of life as it is in some circles in the Roman Catholic church. There are vivid word pictures of the good priest and the bad priest and quite an insight is afforded into ecclesiastical ways as they are in Roman Catholicism. But information is so blended with romance as not to render the book heavy or irksome. We do not enter into any lengthy review of this book for the reason that to give the gist of a story lessens for many readers the pleasure in perusing it. Inasmuch as the setting of the story is local, reference being made to many localities familiar to people in this part of California, all will stand out to readers hereabouts as living pictures. If you want a delightful romance based on the extraordinary experiences of two loving young hearts united now and interested in things which make for the upbuilding of the good, the true, and the beautiful right in our midst, along with an insight into some of the workings of Roman Catholicism, read "A Modern Revolt From Rome." The story will hold your interest from first page to last, and on the closing page you will read of the two most deeply concerned, as they stood on a steamer bearing them out of the Golden Gate: "The San Francisco line grew dim and the Farallones hove in sight. They looked into each other's eyes and their souls spoke. Once before had they sailed these waters together. It was in that hour, across the years, when they had made each to the other their marriage vows." (Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; may be had at Western Methodist Book Concern, 5 City Hall avenue, San Francisco. $1.25; by mail, $1.35.)

**"When Little Souls Awake." By Harry Turner Bailey.** A very valuable little book for parents. The author says in a foreword: "The three incidents from life here recorded are typical of that which must take place in the soul of every child who makes a good start in life. Every one must get control of himself, must come into touch with God, must secure a free pass to the minds of his fellow men. In other words, the intellect, the heart and the will must be adjusted to the conditions of spiritual life. While giving concrete examples of such adjustments, I have tried to make clear the all-important fact that each was prepared for by previous experiences running back to the very dawn of consciousness." On the 32 pages of this book there are three articles, "His First Victory," "His First Prayer,' 'My First Bereavement." The first story tells of a time in the life of a little four-year old boy when his will was arrayed against his father's will. He had been an obedient little fellow, evidently liking to do the right thing. For example the habit of leaving his cap in the right place in the back entry had been established without any difficulty. But one day without apparent reason he whisked the cap from his head and flung it recklessly on the table upsetting a glass of water. The cap rolled to the floor, and nothing that could be said induced him to pick it up. He flatly and repeatedly said, "I won't' The story tells how the father dealt with him so tactfully that after a struggle of an hour and a half these words could be written: "Suddenly the little heap on the floor formed itself into a little boy on his knees, on his feet, walking, running. The next instant the cap was in its place on the shelf, and the next a dear little body was sobbing again, but in my arms, and a sweet voice was saying, 'O, papa, I'm so sorry I was naughty. I won't do so any more.' " There were tears of joy in the father's eyes as he pressed the little victor to his heart, and he could not restrain a sob when the next instant he heard the words, 'I love you, papa.' And the conclusion is: "Could it be possible? So soon? How did the little brain figure it out? After that command, the chastisement, after all those tears, all those endless minutes of sobbing—'I love you, papa.' And the father adds: "It seemed to me then that I had in my own house an echo of that sublime cry of ancient faith, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.' " "His First Prayer" tells of a little fellow who, when asked, "Ned, to whom do you say your prayers at night when your mother is not at home? replied, "I say them to the pillow." Considering his age and temperament the father thought that the fact that he said his prayers at all on his own initiative was satisfactory enough just at that time. But later he essayed to bring the little fellow into more of an acquaintance with God. This was by means of a wrong act on the part of the child, and among the final words are: "As if in answer to his prayer he heard words familiar to generations of his ancestors, 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow.' " "My First Bereavement" is a bereavement not by death but by the growing up of a darling little daughter, who soon had a world of her own to take much of her time. More and more the father sees her going from him, and yet he says: "Good bye, little Dorothy, I congratulate you, I wave you farewells with thanksgiving. I throw you the kiss of peace." (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 25 cents net.)

## THE GREATEST COMMANDMENT OF ALL.

**By Count Leo Tolstoi.**

The whole Christian faith rests on love alone. We all know that. We know it, not only because it is written in the gospel, but also because it is written in our hearts. Talk to any human being about love, and be he a Russian, a German, a Chinese, a Hindu, a thief, a highwayman or a hangman, he would agree that it would be far better if all men lived together in love. Everybody knows it is better to live in love than in enmity and hatred, and even knows that it is possible to live thus. Why is it now that we Christians (I leave all others out of consideration) do not live in love, but in hatred and enmity, though we know that it is good to live in love and that it is possible to to live so, and even know this from the gospel, which we consider a sacred book? It comes from this that, although we have been given in the gospel and in our hearts only one religion and only one commandment—that of love—we still have many other faiths and many other commandments that we consider divine, and we obey these commandments more than we obey the commandment of love.



**The Late Count Leo Tolstoi.**

A master gave some workingmen a task, asked them to carry it out well and promised them, in return, a good living. Among the workers were some, however, who wanted to make a good living not only through work, but by pleasing the master and through other deeds. These men invented all kinds of methods to please the master and carried them out, too; but the task that had been given them they only performed when it pleased them, or not at all. Others plainly declared that there was no master; everybody must work and live for himself. And thus the life of the real workers was made hard and troublesome.

It is thus with the men who have introduced other religions besides the religion of love. They say that they believe in the religion and its commandments, but they obey only the easy commandments, and those for which they are praised. Instead of sharing everything with others, the rich live in luxury among the poor exhausted workers, and the poor hate the rich and try to do them harm. Instead of loving their neighbor and forgiving him, men torture, destroy, sentence, banish and kill each other.

There is only one true religion, that of love, and only one commandment, that of love. "But in what consists this religion, what is its service and what is the content of the prayers through which you approach God?" people ask. "If we stick to the old usual religion we know who God is, who created everything; we know whom to pray to and from whom to hope for grace. Men have never lived without a real God and a real Divine Service, neither can they ever live so in the future.

This is what people say if you offer them the religion of love that they do not understand, instead of a God, to whom they may pray and whom they may serve.

The statement that men have never lived without a tangible divinity and services in honor of this divinity, is true enough. The error is this that the majority of people do not consider love a divinity that its commandment a real divine service. They think so because they are used to see in God a human-like, eternal, omnipotent being, a creator of everything who makes known his will through supernatural powers. They are used to a divine service consisting of certain ceremonies at certain times and places, and because the religion of love possesses no such service they do not understand it or even consider it blasphemous. And still the religion of love and its divinity is at least as easy to understand to even the most simple-minded people as the man-made religions with their many ceremonies and their many commandments; it even has the great advantage that while these with their contradictory and mutually hostile doctrines fill men with hatred, and make them commit murders and carry on wars, the religion of love alone keeps what it promises; to unite all men in one faith and one divine service.

And this religion gives the greatest feeling of security, the greatest confidence. No matter how sure a man be of the truth of his religion, it is often hard not to begin to doubt when he sees that other people are equally convinced of the truth of theirs and the error of his. Only that man who believes in the great religion that is the same to all men, that of love, need never feel in doubt of the truth of his religion. Every religion is, after all, the recognizing of the principle that there are things his senses cannot perceive, his intelligence cannot fathom, but in which he must nevertheless believe.

The faith in the commandment of love consists in this, that we recognize the existence of God only within ourselves. And we know Him only as He reveals himself to us. He reveals himself to us through love. If, therefore, we know Him from one side only, the one which He reveals, we know, through that, He lives, know His character, that we observe within us and know what He wants from us. This faith is expressed in all the religions of the world, from the oldest religions of the Egyptians and Hindoos even in those of the heathens, but nowhere as clearly as in the teachings of Christ.

To believe in love means to recognize that the main principle of our lives is an unfathomable being that reveals himself to us through love. To believe in only one commandment means to believe that God lives within us and reveals Himself to us through love. The divine service consists here, as in any other religion, in doing what the religion commands, and leaving undone what it forbids, but while all other religions call for many deeds and many more omissions, this religion demands only one deed and one omission.

The only religion, however, asks only one thing from everyone: Love—love of the God who lives within us and within all men. To love God within yourself means to strive toward the greatest perfection of love. To love God in others means to recognize within every other man the existence of the same God that lives in yourself, and thus not to do other men that which you yourself want, but what the God wants who lives in all men. Not to omit this divine service means to think always of the presence of God and to put aside everything that does not harmonize with His presence in the hearts of all men. Not to transgress the commandment of the God who lives in other men means not only to hurt your neighbor nor do him harm, but to consider him the most sacred being in the whole world

and honor him accordingly. The positive and negative commandments of the religion of love are really one and the same, to believe that God lives in man and that you must, therefore, not hurt Him neither in yourself nor in others. Love is the greatest commandment of all, and about the only one we need be seriously concerned with. On this catholic basis there is room for all. Here we shall find the **oneness** of brotherhood our Lord so desired to prevail among His people.

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### THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF ASTORIA.

The one hundredth anniversary of the first American settlement at Astoria, Oregon, comes around in April, 1911. The Portland Oregonian says that this hundred year cycle will merit the patriotic interests of Oregon's citizens just as did the centennial in 1892 of Captain Gray's discovery of the Columbia River.

These two episodes of 1792 and 1811 gave the United States its strongest claims to the Oregon country—those of first discovery and first settlement. Through the first exploration of Lewis and Clark in 1805-6, then by purchase of Spanish North Pacific claims by the Florida treaty of 1819 and finally by occupation of this region by settlers prior to 1846, the United States perfected its chain of title.

Settlement at Astoria by the Astors, as the members of the fur-seeking party are commonly called, marks a chapter of American heroism and suffering that has first place in the daring annals of exploration. Though the British took possession of the Astoria Fort in the war of 1812 and renamed it Fort George, the place was restored to American after the treaty of peace with American claims of settlement unimpaired. John Jacob Astor of New York was the force driving the expedition. He sought a share of the fur trade which was then monopolized by the British. Astors scheme was boldly and well conceived, but in his service were Canadians, who lacked both American incentive and stability, and who, in their far-away removal from Astor, wrecked the project.

Astor sent to the mouth of the Columbia expeditions by both land and sea. His first ship, the Tonquin, arrived off the Columbia March 22, 1811, and at the site of Astoria, April 12. The land party, under Wilson P. Hunt, left St. Louis April 17, 1811, and members of it straggled into Astoria January 8, 1812, and afterward. The sufferings of the Hunt party in the Blue Mountains during the winter of 1811-12 are written by Washington Irving in his immortal and charming narrative, "Astoria."

The year 1811 is notable, also, for the exploit of David Thompson in following down the Columbia River from its headwaters to its mouth. Thompson was the first man who explored the upper waters of the river and the first British subject to follow them to the ocean for purposes of settlement. He was preceded there by the Astors by four months. His arrival at Astoria is chronicled as occurring on July 15. He came in the service of the Northwest Company from Canada. The British had nerved themselves to new discoveries after the explorations of Lewis and Clark. Simon Fraser, in 1806-08, followed to the sea the river in Canada that bears his name, believing at first that he was tracing Columbia waters. Then came David Thompson.

It thus appears that Americans explored and occupied the Columbia River region none too soon. Had they come but a few months later, the British would have planted the first claims of occupation in large part of the region of Oregon and Washington and might have retained it as their own.

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# Among the Churches.

### California.

**Benicia.**—The bazaar held last week netted the ladies about $100.

**Cotati.**—The work at Cotati has been taken charge of by the Rev. Mr. McGill.

**San Francisco, Mission.**—The main part of the new church edifice will be finished in a few weeks.

**Sierraville.**—The Rev. James Oakey, recently from Southern California, has entered on the pastorate at Sierraville.

**San Francisco, Mayflower.**—Three persons united with the church at the last communion service on confession. This makes 19 received during the year, 17 on confession.

**Loomis.**—The church at Loomis rejoices in the fact that the Rev. W. E. Eckles having recovered his health has accepted a renewed call to the pastorate and is again at work.

**Berkeley, Frst.**—Mrs. H. R. Miles has gone East to attend a meeting of the National Council apportionment committee, representing thereon the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific.

**Haywood.**—Delightful communion on Dec. 4. Four new members received. Mr. Naylor has just taken up the Boy Scout work and has 5 boys already enrolled in this worthy movement. The church besides a large amount of money spent on improvements and street work will come very close to its benevolent apportionment, at least raising more than usual.

**Oakland, First.**—At the communion service last Sunday 68 persons were welcomed into fellowship, 42 on confession. The lecture by Mr. Brown on Friday evening on Picturesque Japan netted $400 for the work of the cadet corps. The pulpit is to be supplied for several Sundays by the Rev. Dr. Kloss, until recently pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Philadelphia.

**Los Angeles First.**—At the Twilight Communion on December 4, fifty-five persons were received into the church. Two were recognized as members from the Japanese Branch Church, making fifty-seven in all. The evening of December 11, Dr. Day will give the first of his "Evenings in Palestine." These lectures are under the direction of the Bible School, and will be illustrated., the beautiful colored plates having been prepared by a fine artist. The subjects are as follows: December 11, Galilee; The Boyhood of Jesus. January 8, Hills of Ephraim. February 12, The Holy City of Israel. March 12, Outside the Holy City—Bethlehem, Jericho, Bethany. April 2, Palm Sunday; The Holy City and Its King.

**Pasadena, First.**—At the communion service Dec. 4, 19 people were recived into membership, two of these on confession of their faith. This being the 25th anniversary of the organization of the church, appreciative mention was made by the pastor of the fact that during all this

time the communion bread has been provided by Mrs. Green, wife of Deacon Geo. A. Green, one of the most active members during the early years of the church, who passed into the heavenly home a few weeks ago. The occasion was also the first anniversary of the coming of the pastor, Rev. D. F. Fox, who in a few earnest words at the close, urged upon the church the aim to win the young people and the unconverted of the congregation to a confession of Christ. "The Bible University," a unique and helpful sermon given by the pastor a few weeks ago, has been published in an attractive booklet form, illustrated. Copies will be given as prizes to the Bible school contestants who wrote the best outline of the sermon. The Bible school is holding its increased attendance most encouragingly, the October Rally Day attendance having been surpassed each Sunday since. Rev. E. T. Sherman of Chicago, a former associate pastor of the church, is receiving a warm welcome during his visit to Pasadena.

## WASHINGTON NEWS.

### A Movement for a State Brotherhood.

The church at North Yakima, through its pastor, Rev. E. A. King, has invited the men of the State to meet at North Yakima December 14th to discuss the advisability of organizing a State Brotherhood. At a largely attended meeting of the Seattle Brotherhood, Y. M. C. A., November 27th, the movement received hearty endorsement and several men pledged themselves to go to the meeting or send a substitute. The Northern Pacific has granted a fare of one and one-third for the round trip on the certificate plan if fifty full fares are paid. Clergymen traveling on half-fare tickets will not be counted in the total. It is confidently expected that there will be more than this number, Seattle alone will try for fifty, about half the number being already pledged. It is hoped that men from all our churches will attend whether there is a brotherhood or man's club in their church or not. The time seems ripe for this movement, but whether the men think so and organize or not the fellowship and conference will be of great help at the present. Business men may take a night train each way, if living at a distance, and so be from their business but a single day. A luncheon and dinner is planned for as part of the program, for which there will be a nominal charge.

## THE COUNCIL IN THE FIRST CHURCH OF OAKLAND.

Inasmuch as the Rev. Charles R. Brown was installed by council, a council of dismissal was necessary. One was called to meet last Tuesday afternoon. The finding of the council is printed elsewhere in this issue of The Pacific. We do not have the minutes of the council, but so far as we can remember it was made of ministers and lay delegates as follows: First Church of Berkeley, Rev. H. R. Miles and Dr. Thomas Addison; First of Alameda, Rev. C. L. Mears and Mr. George W. Scott; Market Street, Oakland, Rev. G. Griffiths and Mr. W. S. Jones; Plymouth, Rev. A. W. Palmer and Mr. Arthur Arlett; Pilgrim, Rev. W. E. Lawson and Rev. Walter Frear; Fourth, Rev. F. Maar; Berkeley North, Rev. S. C. Patterson, and Mr. Geo. H. Dekay. The following named individuals were invited: President McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary; Professors Nash, Bade and Castor; Secretary Tenney of the American Board, Wikoff of the Church Building Society and Rathbone of the Home Missionary Society.

The moderator of the council was the Rev. S. C. Patterson, pastor of the North Berkeley Congregational Church and president of the board of directors of the Northern California Conference of Congregational Churches. The Rev. A. W. Palmer was secretary.

Rev. H. R. Miles, Professor Castor of Pacific Theological Seminary and Mr. Arlett constituted the committee framing the resolutions printed elsewhere in The Pacific, which were adopted unanimously of course and without discussion.

The council in its make-up of laity and ministers was such as to well represent our Congregationalism, and its finding tells in fitting words what Mr. Brown and his beloved wife have been to the community in which they have lived and worked for fourteen years and the great regret all feel over their departure.

## REV. CHARLES R. BROWN.

(From California Christian Advocate.)

The resignation of Rev. Charles R. Brown from the pastorate of the First Congregational Church, Oakland, is deeply regretted not only by that congregation but by the churches of the bay communities generally. Mr. Brown has been pastor of that church for fourteen years. In that time almost a whole generation has grown up. Those who were boys and girls when he came to the church are now men and women and taking large responsibility in the work of the world. The city of Oakland has grown immensely and in some very large and very real way Mr. Brown's work has had much to do with the moral education and development of Oakland and the east bay cities and in some degree San Francisco itself. He is not only highly esteemed in the Congregational communion but among all the denominations. He has been a diligent student, preaching almost always classical sermons, writing vital, original and valuable books, meeting in a considerable measure the literary demands of the communities. Wherever he spoke the pulpit was honored. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Brown's influence is state-wide and we think coast-wide. We have frequently expressed the hope that Mr. Brown would take up work in San Francisco and build up a great pulpit in this great Pacific Coast metropolis. He has the popular talent, the organizing ability, the strong personality, the evangelical temperament, the vital relationship to questions of the hour, the deep sympathy with the moving currents of thought, to enable him to gather and hold a great congregation. Mr. Brown is at the zenith of his usefulness. He could reasonably look forward to a period of twenty years of commanding service. We profoundly regret his proposition to leave the Pacific Coast and specially the vicinity of San Francisco, where he is needed so much. Mr. Brown could do for San Francisco what Dr. Gunsaulus has done for Chicago. The idea of his leaving the pulpit for any other work seems almost like sacrilege. He is a scholar, a thinker, a speaker, a preacher, a pastor, an administrator, a judge of affairs, a cultivated Christian gentleman, a manly man and ought in all conscience to remain on the Pacific Coast and have a large place in the large affairs already assembling on these shores.

## DEATH OF PRESIDENT BUCKHAM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.

Matthew Henry Buckham, the father of Professor John Wright Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary, died at his home in Burlington, Vermont, on the 29th of November, at the age of 79. As professor and president Dr. Buckham was connected with the university for fifty-four years, being its president for thirty-nine years. He was

chosen in 1871 to succeed in the presidency Dr. James B. Angell, who went at that time to the University of Michigan. The Boston Transcript says that he has filled this position all these years with marked ability and success, and that socially, professionally, educationally and personally he was widely known and greatly esteemed. He is spoken of as a remarkably fine English as well as classical scholar, and notwithstanding his multifarious duties as president he found time to write much that will live after him.

### NOTES AND PERSONALS.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday the paper will be by the Rev. C. L. Mears of Alameda.

Many hearts hereabouts go out tenderly and sympathetically to the Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose, whose wife passed into the higher life one day this week from their home in San Jose.

### MEXICO AND HER TROUBLES.

Border troubles are exceedingly old but none the less serious. The barbarous murder of a ranchman's wife in Texas followed by the barbarous lynching of the Mexican accused of the atrocity has awakened all the latent hatred in the Mexicans against the Americans. The designing revolutionists have seized upon the disturbance to light fires of discontent and spread the trouble throughout the Mexican Republic. President Diaz is no longer young and alert as he used to be. The feeling engendered by political campaigns, which in the nature of the case have not always been conducted on the highest and fairest principles, has been smoldering and waiting for the opportunity to assert itself. Francisco Madera, disappointed as candidate for the presidency of the Republic, representing the aggressive opposition to President Diaz, saw this opportunity to appeal to a quasi Mexican patriotism, disguising his real purpose under the cloak of hatred to the Americans. He constructively put President Diaz into the attitude of favoring the Americans. By this coup d'etat he hopes to make his contention national.

The fact is that neither Mexico nor the United States as governments should in any seroius way be involved in the Texas matter except to see that justice is administered. America should see that those who broke the law in the cruel barbarity of lynching the Mexican are punished. America owes that not only to Mexico but to herself as well. President Diaz has the right and duty to protest and demand justice. An American citizen in this case has also suffered. The case is one of great provocation and requires patience and good sense. America has not always been considerate of the claims of Mexico. It must be admitted on the other hand that Mexico's political rights at the time of the alleged aggressions of America were not clearly defined. The subsequent conduct of America toward the Mexican Republic has been consistently friendly.

Close observers of things Mexican have noticed for a dozen years an increased hatred to foreigners. The Americans have been aggressive exploiters of Mexican mines and Mexican concessions of various kinds. They are not alone in this alleged offense, but they are the most aggressive. Politicians in Mexico for some time have been fomenting this anti-foreign feeling. The strong personality of Diaz has repressed and defeated these professional politicians. Diaz has been ambitious to make Mexico a nation and to win for Mexico a place among the nations of the earth, and in reaching this worthy end he no doubt has adopted a policy of repression, whether from choice or from necessity or from both is not quite clear.

The charge that Diaz has paralyzed the judiciary, has absorbed the legislature into the executive may be more apparent than real. Conditions are frequently more tyrannical than the man who sits on the throne. It would not be surprising if the long and masterful executive reign of Diaz had overshadowed the judiciary and the legisalture. It may also be true that both these branches of the Mexican government are and have been inherently weak. Whether this weakness is due to the repressive policy of Diaz or to the lack of poise and high patriotism is a problem whose unknown quantity is still in hiding. We have great admiration for President Diaz. He has made Mexico a nation and that too when all the tides, all the winds, all the currents above and beneath him were running contrary. The indictment that though he has made Mexico a nation, he has destroyed the liberties of the people needs this qualifying statment: Diaz has not destroyed any of the liberties of the Mexican people for the simple reason that when he became President the Mexican people had no liberty. They did not know the meaning of the term. It may be true that Diaz has not advanced the liberties of the people as rapidly as he has advanced the Mexican nationality. On the contrary we must credit Diaz with all the liberties enjoyed by the Mexican people and that too in the face of a powerful opposition. In the final judgment it may be found that taking into account the political, the social, the temperamental, the ecclesiastical conditions prevailing and struggling to prevail in Mexico, Diaz has done the best that could have been done for the Mexican people. He has made a brave fight for his ideals.

## The Home.

### THE WOMAN'S THANKS.

There is so much strong men are thankful for—
A nation's progress, or a slow strife's end;
And though I join my praise with theirs today
Grave things are these I scarce can comprehend,
So vast are they;
And so apart, dear God, I pray thee take
My thanks for these thy little blessings' sake.

The little, common joys of every day,
My garden blowing in an April wind,
A linnet's greeting and the morning fall
Of happy sunshine through the open blind,
The poplars tall
That guard my threshold, and the peace that falls
Like Sabbath stillness from my humble walls.

The little, simple joys that we forget
Until we lose them; for the lamp that lights
The pages of the books I love the best,
The hearth's red welcoming on winter nights,
The kindly jest
That moves within its circle, and the near
Companionship of those the heart holds dear.

The dear, accustomed joys we lightly take
Too much for granted sometimes, as a child
His father's gifts; and, so remembering,
For these my thanks, for these my treasures piled,
Each simple thing
Those wiser may forget, dear Father, take
My thanks for these thy little blessings' sake.

—Harper's Bazaar.

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### THE KEEPER OF THE HOME.

Some one has said that "a home is the nearest like heaven of any place upon this earth," and this is the way it should be. There can be nothing in this old world of ours with the power to so sadden the heart of our all-wise, all-seeing Heavenly Father as the sight of a home made wretched by its turmoil and strife—unless it be the utter breaking up of that home.

Then, when I think that it is in the hands of the women, the mothers and wives, that He has placed the sacred responsibility of keeping those homes, I feel like shouting forth a rallying call to all mothers and home keepers to strive with all their God-given talents of tenderness and love and firmness against every disturbing element that would enter those homes.

Here and there are women who are—or who fancy they are—mismated. The perfect qualities which their imagination gave to the man of their choice before marriage have not held good in the closer companionship that the years have brought. The polish has been rubbed off by the grind of the years and the toil, leaving a coarseness or a moral weakness or a failure in one way or another that makes a sore spot in the wife's heart. And there is just as often an ache in the husband's heart over the changes which time has wrought in the attitude of his wife toward her home.

Perhaps the first and most frequent mistake of the young wife is the telling of her difficulties. With a very natural longing for sympathy, she goes to her mother or sister or particular friend with the story of her husband's shortcomings, and with the telling and the sympathy received, the grievance grows in her mind to undue proportions, and sooner or later another is added and another and another, and, before either of them realize it, a breach has grown up between them.

I have before my mind two pictures. One of a home made wretched for years by this constant nagging. The husband had faults, of course, though no more than many an average man, but the wife allowed herself to be vexed by them and to show her annoyance. He returned her unkindness, and now the home is broken up, the mother gone, saddened and embittered toward all the world, the father heart-broken—and the children—God help them. Can there be anything sadder than this?

The other picture is that of a woman now white-haired and gentle-faced. Young, proud and full of ambition, she entered upon her married life with high hopes, which gradually faded away. They were blessed with many children. However, they were poor, and the wife found it necessary to take in work, while her husband spent many of his days contentedly smoking by the fire. Her children grew to be her one hope, education for them was her dream, but it was never realized. Money was scarce and many of them inherited from their father a distaste for study. But through all the years of disappointments and sleepless nights she held fast to her ideal of home.

She has stood through all these years, through ill-health and poverty and disappointments, noble and strong, yet withal tender and gentle, the guardian of the family's happiness, the keeper of the home. Could there be a nobler work than this?

God knows, what we sometimes forget, that any one may be a housekeeper, but it takes a womanly woman, with a courage born of a high resolve and a boundless capacity for self-denial, to be the Keeper of the Home.—Farm and Fireside.

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### THE RIGHTS OF THOSE WHOM WE DISLIKE.

In a letter received from a friend, occurs the phrase "the rights of those whom we dislike." It is an unaccustomed phrase. I doubt if we trouble ourselves about such people. Have they any rights?

Well, one thing is certain. Those whom we dislike are entitled to fair play. We personally may be exceptions, but the rule is that those who dislike do not accord fair play to the disliked. We see this plentifully illustrated in our neighbors. They are sometimes unjust; they attribute bad motives to the objects of their aversion; they think evil where no evil is intended, and they do this, not because they wish to be unjust , but because their dislike has obscured their vision. There is a possibility that a similar dislike may obscure our judgment and that we do not suspect it.

Sometimes our dislike is founded on no commendable reason. We were traveling—a little party out for pleasure—in the woods of northern Michigan. The major, one of our party, conceived a sharp dislike for one of our guides. Nothing which that guide did was satisfactory. The major put him upon unpleasant tasks, and however they were done found fault. It was unfair. It disturbed the harmony of the trip. The major felt this, as did the others of us, and kept out of sight of the unhappy victim as much as possible. The reason at length came out; it was that the guide's name was Isaac. Now that does not appear to me to be a commendable reason. Our military companion knew nobody, friend or foe, with that name. Yet the name, for which the guide was in no way responsible, was the only ground of offense. Happily the major himself saved the situation and rescued us from what might have proved an annoyance, by calling the man "Alexander." The dislike vanished at once.

Perhaps a change of name or title may save us from unreasonable and unjust dislike. We know how the fickle mob is susceptible to a change of designation. Call a man a grasping capitalist and a howl of execration rises; call him a frugal captain of industry and there is loud applause. Something of the spirit of the mob is in us all, so let us try a change of designation for the man or woman who is odious to us; it makes a difference. A clergyman once alluded in my hearing to a certain person as a "contemptible rascal," but afterward changed the designation to "skeezics," and with the changed word there was a decided moderation in the dislike. I do not know what a "skeezics" is, but it is welcome to the vocabulary for the good it did on that occasion.

Fair play demands that we put ourselves in the other's place. If conditions were reversed and we were disliked, would we think it fair and just? And even if we found the dislike justifiable under the changed conditions, would we think it fair to have our motives misinterpreted, our errors magnified, the palliations and mitigations of our offense ignored? We could not assert our rights, of course, for people would not and could not like us upon demand, but could and would feel that we had a right to consideration, and if not to tenderness, at least to justice.

I do no say that we ought to esteem all persons alike. He who does that esteems no one very much—except him-

self. Though Jesus loved all His disciples, there was one whom He loved especially, and that is a token of our Lord's real humanity. Nor is it possible to be at peace with everybody. Wisely does the apostle prefix the condition, "if it be possible live peaceably with all men." But even those who are not at peace with us have their rights; much more have those who are not enemies but have simply fallen under our dislike.

What is written above applies strictly to justice between man and man. A Christian, however, grants to others much more than can be claimed in a court of law. There is a charity which thinketh no evil and which hopeth all things, which sees in every man a fellow traveler, through this short stage of our existence, a fellow traveler who has his own griefs and trials which we do not know and cannot share. It is burden enough for him that we do not like him. We who are Christians will not rob him of the least of his rights, but, conscious of our own shortcomings, will yield him fully all he merits and something more.—J. D. Wilson in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

# Our Young People

### THE WAR IN THE GARDEN.

The gallant Soldier Little-Boy strode forth into the day,
Beneath the visor of his cap his eyes sought for the fray,
From out his belt he drew full swift his trusty sword of lath
And bade defiance to the foes that waited in his path.

The skirmishers of grass that crept before him in the breeze
He sabered as they fled, the while the bugles of the bees
Were sounding thrilling summonses to all the stretch of bloom
To take its rank, lest by the flank he charged it to its doom.

The daring Soldier Little-Boy marched on the flower bed,
And all the path about him ran with crimson petals red;
He gave the rose a thousand blows, he stood amid the phlox,
And—one! And—two! And through and through he pierced the hollyhocks.

The candytuft was white with fear, the poppies red with shame
That none of them could parry him, so subtle was his aim;
The golden glow stood all arow and each died at his post,
The marigold was brave and bold, but fell, a valiant host.

Then gallant Soldier Little-Boy marched out with colors high—
The daisy raised a flag of truce and so he passed it by;
And then there came the gentle corps of trusty wind and rain
To blot the traces of the war and gather up the slain.

—Chicago Evening Post.

### A LITTLE SOAP STORY.

There was once a little girl who lived with her father, mother and baby brother among the highest peaks of the San Bernardino mountains. Her father was a forest ranger. He knew a great deal that most men do not know. Uncle Jack, who came visiting from Boston, said it was amazing how much Edie's father knew. He could tell the best stories, too, about bluejays and squirrels and big bears; not that old story of the three bears, but true ones about bears that lived in the San Bernardino mountains. He could tell just by looking at their tracks in the soft earth just what kind of an animal had been down to the spring to get a drink of water.

The little girl's home was a cabin in Uncle Sam's great forest reserve. Surrounding it were trees so tall they seemed to reach the sky.

Edie loved the big pines; she loved the rugged hills, the blue sky and the stars at night; she loved the wild flowers that grew about her door and beside mountain streams; but most of all the child cherished a wee soap Moses. It was a gift her father brought one day from the city. Edie unwrapped the parcel carefully, and there, in an inner covering of white tissue paper, was baby Moses asleep in a basket.

Moses and his basket cradle were made of pink soap, pink as little brother's pink toes and sweet smelling as violets from the brook. Whenever Edie wished to show how much she loved her little brother, she allowed him to rest his cheek against the bit of pink soap, or to touch ever so softly the dainty head of Moses. Sometimes when baby was having his nap, Edie put her soap Moses on the pillow beside him.

The little girl's father was surprised; he supposed the child would use the soap for her Sunday bath. That was his mistake.

"I shall keep my little soap Moses always!" Edie declared. "He's only to hold in your hand and look at! I wonder how they made his lovely basket all woven in and out just as real as the Egypt one, and pinker than bulrushes?"

One summer day something happened that made Edie forget her soap Moses for a long time. A party of young folks came up from the valley to camp near the forest ranger's cabin. Among them was a girl with bright golden hair, blue eyes and skin so pink and white Edie said it would be hard for her to keep her face clean in the dusty mountains. That made the campers laugh.

"We must show the little girl our bathroom," suggested a tall young lady. "Come, Lilian, show her how you'll keep your face clean, since it's you she's worrying about."

"Would you like to see our bathroom, little girl?" asked Lillian.

"Yes, if you please."

Thus it happened that Edie and Lillian went hand in hand down a lovely canon to a sheltered spot where birds sang in live oak trees and gray squirrels played hide and seek among the rocks.

"The boys made our bath tub," Lillian explained. "We found this little spring and they scooped out the earth to make the big bowl. The water is icy cold, and we have to skim off these long-legged spiders before we can take a bath, but you see, don't you, that it is rather fine."

"Indeed it is," agreed the child. "Do you leave your towels here all the time?"

"Oh, yes, six towels, six wash cloths and six cakes of soap; an outfit for each one of us. Do you see how we've found places in the bushes for everything, even our tooth brushes?"

This is better than living in a cabin!" observed little Edie. "I suppose if our cabin should ever catch fire and

burn up, we could do this!"

"To be sure!" was the cheerful reply.

One morning when the entire camping party, cook and all, were away fishing, the pack burros became loose. When the campers returned they found Sampson, the brown burro, eating a volume of Tennyson's poems. Scamp, the biggest burro, was finishing a late magazine. Babe, the prettiest one, was nibbling a tablet of writing paper.

Half an hour later Edie was still telling the folks at home about the burro, when six girls knocked at the door. They were laughing.

"We came to see if we could borrow a cake of soap," one explained. "The boys will get some the very next time any one goes down the trail for supplies. Those wretched Burros went to our bath room and ate every speck of soap."

"I'll do the best I can for you," said Edie's mother, "but the fact is we're nearly out of soap ourselves. Here's a cake of castile. You're welcome to that, although I can't spare you another bit."

One cake of soap doesn't last long in the mountains when six girls try to keep clean. Worst of all, the boy who was sent for supplies forgot to buy soap in the valley. The girls begged one bar of yellow soap from the cook, and one bar was all he would spare.

Soon after the yellow soap was gone, little Edie found Lillian sitting on a rock, crying like baby brother. When she lifted her face Edie laughed. The child couldn't help it because Lillian's cheeks were actually muddy.

"S'cuse me," begged the little girl. "I'm not laughing at your trouble, I'm laughing how funny folks look when their soap is all gone."

"Well, that's my trouble, so you're laughing at it," wailed Lillian. "We've just come in from a long trail over the mountains and every one of us looks like a pig and feels like a savage. I'd give a dollar for even naptha soap."

Edie straightway remembered her treasure. "I suppose," she faltered, "that you'd give pretty near a thousand dollars for a soap Moses."

"Oh, yes, for a soap anybody! It's dreadful to be so dirty! It's making me really ill."

"Dear me!" sighed Edie, "I wouldn't sell my soap Moses for any money, but you've all been so good to me I—I—— I wish I had two Moseses." Without another word the child ran home.

The following day Lillian was ill; not from the lack of soap, but because she slipped on the rocks and struck her head against a boulder.

At sunset, a solemn faced little girl walked into camp, carrying a small parcel wrapped in crumpled tissue paper. She sought the cook.

"Will you please give this to Miss Lillian? I am sure she needs it." Having said this in an unsteady voice the child fled.

Five girls gathered around Lillian's hammock to watch her undo the gift.

"It's soap! exclaimed Lillian, looking earnestly at the perfumed Moses.

"It's soap!" echoed the five in awed tones.

"She was sure I needed it!" added Lillian.

"You do!" insisted the five.

"It must have been her dearest possession," Lillian continued. "That sweet child! We wouldn't accept such a sacrifice girls, only we need it. I'll search Los Angeles from the foot hills to the sea for another pink soap Moses. I wish you girls would go over tonight and thank that child. Tell her I shall get well now, and don't you joke the least bit about this precious Moses!"

When Edie parted with her treasure, she didn't dream of again owning soap of any kind until she was a young lady; certainly not another soap Moses.

One week after the campers went down the trail, the forest ranger's little girl began receiving packages through the postoffice. One was from Lillian; it contained a pink soap Moses, a white soap Moses, a tar soap Teddy bear and six squares of white soap to divide with baby brother. Then came boxes of soap from five other girls. In each box was a pink Moses.

Edie is a young lady now, but to this day she hasn't outgrown the joy of her surprise.—Frances Margaret Fox in The Continent.

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### PINK AND BLUE.

When she went to the party, Elizabeth Lou
Had her hair tied on top with a ribbon of blue.
But she hadn't a very good time, and I think
'Twas because of a girl with a ribbon of pink.
"For all the girls chose her, the whole evening through
Just because she wore pink!" sobbed Elizabeth Lou.

At the very next party, Elizabeth Lou
Wore a ribbon herself of roseate hue.
But would you believe it? That same girl was there
With a bowknot of blue, tying up her brown hair.
And the very same thing proved again to be true:
"They still like her best!" wept Elizabeth Lou.

Now between you and me, it had nothing to do
With those crisp little loopings of pink and blue.
But one litfle girl wore a smile on her face,
The other a frown in the very same place.
A smile and a frown! Now which of the two
Do you fancy was worn by Elizabeth Lou?

—Pauline Camp.

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The election of ex-President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University, Governor of New Jersey, may be the beginning of a new political era. It may be time that other states should look around for a high-minded, highly educated scholar, an engaging personality to be Governor of the commonwealth. Some seem to think that he does not represent any particular "platform." It should be remembered that he himself is not only a platform but a moral guarantee that a platform of moral principles will be carried out. New Jersey has honored herself in the election of President Wilson. This great free republic should not be left to the manipulations of sheer politicians. The only twinge of regret in the election of Governor Wilson is the fact that he defeated a most admirable Governor. Governor Wilson will succeed to a throne which through the efforts of his predecessor has been established in civic righteousness. Governor Fort did for New Jersey what Governor Hughes did for New York. If Governor Wilson does not give New Jersey a clean, strong and progressive administration it will be no fault of his predecessor.

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